

NO. 41-
MARCH

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

10¢

LONG HAVE I
AWAITED THIS
MOMENT---WHEN
ANOTHER **DEATH** SHALL
SPELL **REVENGE**!

HOLY SMOKE!
THAT THING'S
GOING TO---
KILL HER!

Can a
THEATRE
BE CURSED---BY
THE GRISLY REMNANTS
OF AN AGE-OLD HATRED?
WATCH TRAGEDY STRIKE
FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN
---IN THE SPINE TINGLING
PAGES OF
"HAUNTED
HAMLET"!



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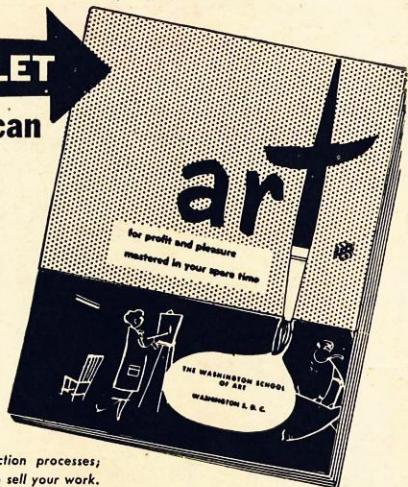
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HAUNTED HAMLET



MANY ARE THE STRANGE AND WONDERFUL TALES WHICH HAVE BEEN KEPT ALIVE DOWN THE CENTURIES BY THE THEATRE! BUT THE MOST GRIPPING OF ALL STORIES IS THAT OF THE THEATRE ITSELF -- THAT EXTRAORDINARY PROFESSION WHICH IS HAUNTED BY LEGENDS OF GRIM EVENTS AND ACTORS LONG SINCE DEAD! HERE'S A WEIRD, PULSE-STOPPING TALE OF ONE OF THE THEATRE'S MOST FANTASTIC PERFORMANCES -- THAT OF...

"HAUNTED HAMLET"!

GO BACK,
BACK--OR
SHE DIES!

THIS MYSTIC SYMBOL -- IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO STOP HIM!



IT WAS A HAPPY DAY WHEN TOMMY BEAL, BRILLIANT YOUNG DIRECTOR, BOUGHT A LONG-CLOSED THEATRE --

IT'S ALL YOURS, SON-- AND GOOD LUCK!

THANKS-- I'LL NEED IT!

YEARS OF EFFORT AND SACRIFICE HAD BROUGHT TOMMY'S LIFELONG AMBITION CLOSE TO FULFILLMENT! NOW, AS THE ACTUAL WORK BEGAN ON HIS PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "HAMLET" --

SURE, I NEED A STAGE DOORMAN! YOU'RE HIRED!

THANK YOU! BUT FIRST-- I MUST WARN YOU!

LAUGH IF YOU WISH, BUT THIS THEATRE IS HAUNTED-- BY A FIENDISH SPIRIT!

HUH? TELL ME MORE, TODD-- I CAN USE A LITTLE COMIC RELIEF!



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IN A VOICE FRAUGHT WITH DREAD, THE OLD MAN TOLD HIS STORY: "A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, THE FIRST PLAY GIVEN AT THIS THEATRE WAS "HAMLET". AN AMBITIOUS YOUNG ACTOR WAS SCHEDULED TO STAR, BUT AT THE LAST MOMENT..."

I'M SORRY, CARTER, BUT WE'VE DECIDED YOU'RE TOO INEXPERIENCED FOR THE ROLE! SO WE'VE ENGAGED A FAMOUS EUROPEAN ACTOR TO TAKE

YOUR PLACE! B-BUT YOU CAN'T! THIS PLAY MEANT-- EVERYTHING TO ME!

"CARTER WAS HEARTBROKEN, AND IN A FIT OF DEPRESSION--"

IT-- IS-- DONE! BUT BEFORE I DIE-- I RESOLVE-- NO PLAY WILL EVER-- BE PERFORMED HERE-- EVEN-- IF I MUST-- RETURN FROM THE GRAVE!

"THE ANGRY WORDS OF A DYING MAN? PERHAPS, BUT HALFWAY THROUGH THE FIRST PERFORMANCE--"

TO BE-- OR NOT TO BE-- THAT IS THE QUESTION!--

THE FOOL-- HE SHALL SOON HAVE HIS ANSWER!

GREAT SCOTT!

THUD!

"AN ACCIDENT? SO EVERYONE THOUGHT-- THE FIRST TIME! BUT, THROUGH THE YEARS, MORE GRISLY "ACCIDENTS" OCCURRED, AND WHEN THE SPECTRE FINALLY SHOWED HIMSELF-- THE FRIGHTFUL TRUTH BECAME KNOWN--"

IT'S THE GHOST OF JULES CARTER-- I RECOGNIZE HIM!

"EVENTUALLY, THE THEATRE WAS CLOSED--"

IT'S ABOUT TIME-- AFTER EIGHT MURDERS!

AS THE STORY ENDED--

AND NOW-- YOU HAVE BOUGHT IT! BUT WITH IT, YOU BUY DISASTER! FOR THE VENGEFUL GHOST STILL HAUNTS THE SHADOWS OF THIS EVIL HALL!



GOOD STORY, TODD-- BUT I CAN'T BUY IT!

THEN-- YOU MUST LEARN THE HARD WAY!

AS THE CAST WAS GATHERED--

JUST THINK, CARRIE-- IF THIS PLAY'S A SUCCESS.. WE CAN GET MARRIED!

AT REHEARSAL, NO ONE SPOKE OF GHOSTS-- OR TRAGEDY-- THOUGH HORROR STOOD POISED TO STRIKE--

OKAY-- NOW LET'S TRY THAT SCENE AGAIN!



HEY-- WHAT HAPPENED?

YAAGH!

CRASH

THE PROP-- IT FELL ON HIM! BUT HOW?

POOR GUS-- HE'S-- DEAD!



"MERE COINCIDENCE," SAID TOMMY! BUT NEXT DAY-- A SINISTER SHAPE LABORED AT THE GREAT CHANDELIER--

ONE MORE TURN -- AND IT DROPS!

YE GODS! YOU CAN'T CALL THAT A COINCIDENCE, TOMMY!



That night, on the darkened stage, a lonely figure brooded...

One more accident and the whole cast will quit! I can't blame 'em -- but if they do, I'M RUINED!

You startled me, Todd -- why are you still hanging around?

I've come to tell you something -- how to defeat the ghost!

YEAH? WELL, LET'S HEAR IT -- I'LL TRY ANYTHING TO CLEAR UP THIS MESS!

First, you must bargain with him! Listen...

At that moment, Carrie entered the theatre -- to fall prey to lurking horror!

It's not healthy for Tommy to hang around this dismal place, worrying so! I'll cheer him up...

With a sudden lunge --

HA! You will be my next victim!

OH-HH! T-TOMMY! -- HELP!

In the next moment -- as the muffled scream still echoed --

GREAT GUNS -- IT'S THE GHOST! AND HE'S HEADED FOR THE CATWALK -- WITH CARRIE!

HIGH ABOVE THE STAGE, AS A DRAMA OF TERRIFYING REALITY UNFOLDED --

FOOLS -- YOU'RE TOO LATE! SHE MUST DIE!

YE GODS -- IT'S A FIFTY-FOOT DROP!



Suddenly, Old Todd's gnarled fingers twisted into a mysterious symbol--

STOP! DON'T HARM HER! TODD--YOU! BUT YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO INTERFERE!



Miraculously, Carrie was spared--and the ghost, thwarted, began to vanish--

OH, TOMMY-- HMM-- I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT WAS AWFUL! AFRAID OF TODD-- BUT MAYBE I CAN BARGAIN WITH HIM, TOO-- NOW!



WAIT-- I WANT TO SPEAK WITH YOU!



WHAT MUST I DO TO LIFT THIS AWFUL CURSE?



FOR AN INSTANT, THE SPECTRAL FIGURE PONDERED-- ITS FEATURES ALMOST HUMAN--

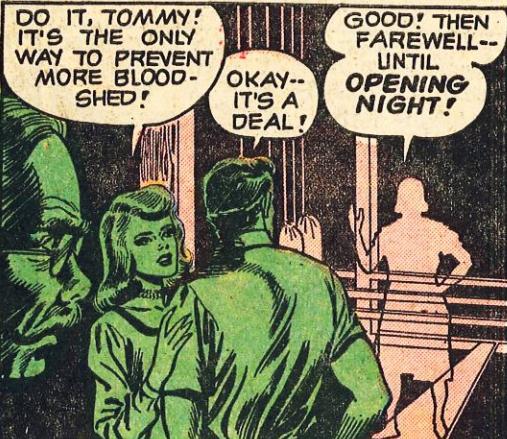
YES, WE CAN DO BUSINESS! YOU SEE, I DIED BECAUSE I COULD NOT REALIZE MY GREATEST AMBITION!



I WILL LIFT THE CURSE-- IF YOU LET ME PLAY HAMLET!



A FANTASTIC PROPOSITION-- BUT THERE COULD BE ONLY ONE ANSWER...



DO IT, TOMMY! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO PREVENT MORE BLOOD- SHED!

OKAY-- IT'S A DEAL!

GOOD! THEN FAREWELL-- UNTIL OPENING NIGHT!

NEXT DAY, TOMMY TOLD THE CAST
OF THE NIGHT'S AWESOME INCIDENTS--

IT'LL BE A TERRIFYING
BUSINESS FOR US ALL-- BUT WE
MUST DO AS
THE GHOST
SAYS!

GOSH-- AND I
THOUGHT THIS
WAS ALL A
PUBLICITY
STUNT!

Opening NIGHT! THE
AUDIENCE WAS GAY,
EXPECTANT' BACKSTAGE--

JUST WAIT'LL THEY SEE
THE LEADING MAN--
THEY'LL BE SCARED
OUT OF THEIR WITS!

THE MOMENTS FLED--AND
AS THE GHOST DID
NOT APPEAR--

LOOK, TOMMY-- I WAS
SUPPOSED TO PLAY
HAMLET TONIGHT!
DO I OR
DON'T I?

WE CAN'T
WAIT ANY
LONGER-- GET
INTO YOUR
COSTUME!

Suddenly--

NO! I AM READY FOR
THE PERFORMANCE!

Stunned BY THE GHOST'S APPEARANCE AND
POWER-- THE ACTORS FLED IN TERROR--

UGH!

C'MON--
LET'S
SCRAM!

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT-- WE
DON'T HAVE A CAST!

A WEIRD GLOW SUFFUSED THE GRIM
VISITOR-- A SEPULCHRAL VOICE
ECHOED HOLLOWLY--

O RULERS OF THE
SPIRIT WORLD--
SEE MY PLIGHT--
HELP ME!

HOLY MACKEREL
-- WHAT'S HE
UP TO?

FROM THE DARK WORLD THAT IS DEATH'S
DOMAIN-- A FEARSOME GROUP TOOK SHAPE--

IT IS THE ORIGINAL CAST OF HAMLET!
THEY RETURN TO PERFORM
WITH ME-- TONIGHT!

Thus began the most fantastic performance in theatrical history! But as the curtain rose, chaos filled the hall --



But -- the exits were blocked by ghastly ushers -- returned from the grave!

BACK! YOU WILL REMAIN -- UNTIL THE FINAL CURTAIN!



Never before had such acting been seen! The audience forgot its terror -- and when the play was over --



And AT THE LAST CURTAIN CALL --



When the morning reviews were published --

LOOK AT THIS ONE! "ONLY A GENIUS COULD HAVE STAGED THIS PLAY -- TOMMY BEAL IS BROADWAY BOUND!"

THIS IS GREAT! AND YOU KNOW -- OLD TODD HELPED A LOT! LET'S THANK HIM!



But -- at the stage door -- A CHILLING SIGHT --



NO WONDER HE COULD PUT THE HEX ON CARTER'S GHOST!

YES, CARRIE -- IT'S ALL CLEAR NOW! TODD WAS THE FIRST STAGE DOORMAN OF THIS THEATRE -- A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!



The End



The WEREWOLF

BLEARY-EYED AND nearly dead with fatigue, Tim Cochrane huddled deeper into the snow, flexing his hands to keep his trigger finger warm. The only thing between him and the ravening wolves out there in the darkness was his rifle, and a handful of ammunition.

Perhaps he had been a fool to attempt the trip. Didn't he know as well as anybody that 63 trappers had disappeared within the last year, apparently victims of some awful menace stalking the frozen Alaskan wastes?

But *how*, he wondered. Could all have fallen prey to wolves? Impossible, he thought, for there were too many ways in which cunning men could deal with the brute intelligence of animals.

But in the last 36 hours Tim had come face to face with a wolf pack such as he never dreamed existed. His husky team was strong and swift, and for 15 hours had outraced the pursuers. When a wolf got too close, Tim dropped it with a shot. One shot, one carcass, without fail.

Except for a single exception, the huge white wolf leading them.

The first time Tim fired at *it* he simply thought he missed. But there could be no doubt about the second shot, which also had no effect. So he quickly fired at another, hoping that the rest would stop to devour it and fight among themselves. Such was the way *all* wolves behaved. But not *these!* For in this pack only a few stopped to feed upon a fallen comrade. The rest continued the pursuit relentlessly, as if directed by a human brain.

Tim was alone now, having been forced to abandon his dogs one by one to gain time as his ammunition dwindled. He had only six shots left, and there were more than ten wolves remaining. What rotten luck, he thought, for now he was close enough to a small settlement to reach it on foot in a few hours.

He could see the yellow slits of their cruel eyes gleaming in the darkness, closing in on him slowly. It would all be over soon.

But the waiting gave him precious mo-

ments in which to think. How was it that he was pursued at all, since he had carefully chosen a route which wolves almost never traveled? And what about the other trappers? How was it that *their* routes had been so well known, too? And what about the enormous white wolf, which couldn't be killed? Could the creature be...*supernatural*, a human being who could assume the shape of a wolf at will, in short, a *werewolf*?

It was a wild gamble, but what did he have to lose? Quickly he pulled a silver dollar out of his pocket and began rubbing it briskly against the head of one of his remaining bullets. He rubbed desperately, knowing that it was his only remaining chance for life. For if werewolves actually existed, then the legends which said that only *silver* could kill one might also be true. And the legends said further that it made no difference how *much* silver penetrated a werewolf's body. Any particle, no matter how small, would cause instantaneous death.

The cruel, yellow slits moved closer. He waited until they were almost upon him, then fired the bullet rubbed with silver straight at the huge white wolf.

A terrible howl split the frozen air. Before Tim's astonished eyes the creature twisted high into the air, bellowing its death agonies. And when it crashed to the ground, it had become a *man*...whom Tim recognized! The other wolves instantly fell upon their fallen leader, tearing at each other for possession of the corpse. Now Tim quickly killed three more, leaving the rest a feast. Then he ran like a man possessed for the settlement scant miles away.

Weeks later, after he had told his story everywhere, those who had said he was mad began to doubt. For Tim had sworn that the white wolf had actually been the supernatural form of the owner of the Trapper's Trading Post, a man who knew all the trappers' movements. And the doubts were caused not only by the fact that the disappearances had stopped abruptly, but because the man was never seen or heard of again.

FOR EIGHTY YEARS, THE WORLD HAS BEEN MYSTIFIED BY THE STRANGE CASE OF THE MARIE CELESTE, AN AMERICAN BRIGANTINE FROM WHOSE DECKS AN ENTIRE CREW VANISHED MYSTERIOUSLY IN 1872! ONLY RECENTLY HAVE THE EDITORS OF THIS MAGAZINE COME ACROSS AN EXPLANATION AS FANTASTIC AS THE CASE ITSELF-- AN EXPLANATION WHICH WE PASS ON TO YOU FOR YOUR OWN JUDGMENT!

MYSTERY of the MARIE CELESTE



THE FACTS OF THE CASE ARE THESE! ON DECEMBER 5TH, 1872, THE CREW OF THE BRITISH SHIP **DEI GRATIA**, PLYING BETWEEN THE AZORES AND LISBON, SPIED A VESSEL TACKING ERRATICALLY ON THE CALM SEA--

IT'S THE AMERICAN SHIP **MARIE CELESTE**! STRANGE--I CAN'T MAKE OUT ANY CREW MEMBERS ON DECK! I WONDER--

REPEATED HAILS BROUGHT NO RESPONSE-- AND WHEN THE BRITONS BOARDED THE VESSEL--

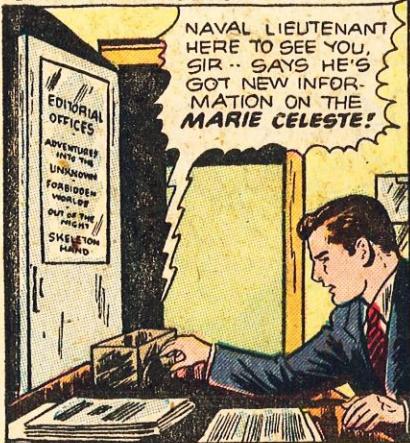
BLIMEY--THERE'S NOT A SOUL ABOARD! SHE'S A GHOST SHIP!

A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE SHIP REVEALED NEITHER SIGNS OF LIFE NOR ANY EXPLANATION TO ACCOUNT FOR ITS ABSENCE--

THAT BOTTLE IS UPRIGHT-- WHICH MEANS THERE WAS NO ROUGH WEATHER!

YES, AND THE LATEST ENTRY IN THE LOGBOOK, DATED NOVEMBER 25TH, MAKES NO MENTION OF MUTINY OR ANY OTHER TROUBLE! THIS IS THE MYSTERY OF THE AGE!

THE U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT INSTITUTED A WORLD-WIDE INVESTIGATION OF THE MYSTERY -- BUT FOR 80 YEARS, NO ONE WAS ABLE TO OFFER A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION -- BUT ONLY RECENTLY --



I FOUND THIS BOTTLE IN THE WATERS OFF THE CAPE VERDE ISLANDS WHILE MY DESTROYER WAS ON A PATROL RUN, BUT I DIDN'T DARE SHOW THE MANUSCRIPT IN IT TO ANYONE FOR FEAR OF BEING LAUGHED OUT OF THE SERVICE -- BUT I FIGURED THAT YOU, AS PUBLISHERS OF SUPERNATURAL MAGAZINES --

OUR POLICY ISN'T TO SCOFF, BUT TO INVESTIGATE ANYTHING PERTAINING TO THE UNKNOWN! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT'

I, Alonso Marden, First Mate of the brig Marie Celeste, am in sound mind, and am writing this on Nov. 26, 1872. In the hope some day the world will know the true story of the awful fate that befell the crew of this ship. But, we will have to hurry, since any minute the thing may come for me --

"OUR POSITION THIS AFTERNOON WAS ABOUT HALF WAY BETWEEN LISBON AND THE AZORES -- WHEN SUDDENLY WE SAW AN AWFUL SIGHT TO STARBOARD --"



"REARING IN A SUDDEN SURGE FROM THE RIPPLING DEPTHS -- A THING OF SHEER HORROR!"

IT-- IT'S THE DEMON OF THE DEEP! I'VE HEARD TALES OF HOW IT RISES FROM THE BOTTOM TO SEIZE HUMAN PREY -- AND NOW IT'S COME FOR US!



"BUT WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF A STRIKING COBRA,
ONE OF THE MONSTER'S SLIMY TENTACLES DARTED
OUT-- AND--"



IT... IT TOOK THE
CAP'N-- SWALLOWED
'IM WHOLE! RUN--
BEFORE IT
GETS US!



FASTER! IT-- IT'S GOT
ARMS LIKE RUBBER--
THEY KEEP GETTIN'
LONGER, CHASIN' US
WHEREVER WE GO!



"WE ALL FLED DOWN INTO THE HOLD, BUT EVEN
THERE THOSE INCREDIBLY ELASTIC TENTACLES
PURSUED US--"

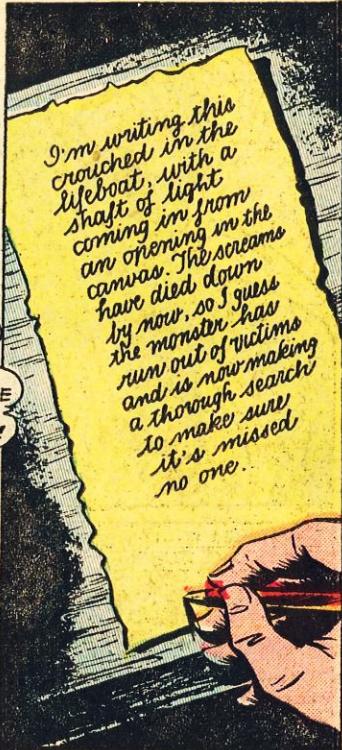


"BUT NO MATTER WHERE WE FLED, THE
SEARCHING, HORRIBLE ARMS SOUGHT THE
CREW MEMBERS OUT ONE BY ONE!"



"WITH THE SCREAMS OF MY COMRADES SOUNDING ABOUT ME, I SEIZED UPON A DESPERATE STRATAGEM TO SECURE A FEW MORE MINUTES OF LIFE FOR MYSELF!"

IT'S SEARCHING FOR VICTIMS IN THE HOLDS-- SO I'LL GO **ABOVE DECKS**! IT MAY FIND ME EVENTUALLY-- BUT MAYBE NOT BEFORE I'VE HAD A CHANCE TO WARN THE WORLD ABOUT THIS MONSTER!



"..WE OF THE MARIE CELESTE WILL HAVE DIED IN VAIN UNLESS THE WORLD IS WARNED OF THE DEADLY MENACE OF THE **DEMON OF THE DEEP**! IT WILL STRIKE AGAIN AND AGAIN THROUGH THE YEARS UNLESS--" THE LETTER ENDS RIGHT THERE--

IN MID-SENTENCE!



HMM, THE EXISTENCE OF THE DEMON **WOULD** EXPLAIN THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES OF THE CREWS OF SUCH SHIPS AS THE **CYCLOPS**, THE **ROSLIE**, THE **ATLANTA**, THE **KOBENHOVEN**-- AND COUNTLESS OTHERS

THROUGH THE YEARS! THERE'S NO WAY OF EVER FINDING OUT WHETHER THE STORY IS ACTUALLY TRUE OR NOT-- BUT

I'LL HAVE IT PRINTED, AND **LET THE READERS JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES!**



WHAT DO **YOU** THINK, READER? IS THERE SUCH A MONSTER AS THE **DEMON OF THE DEEP**? AND IF YOU THINK IT **DOES** EXIST, WE HOPE **YOU** NEVER MEET UP WITH IT!



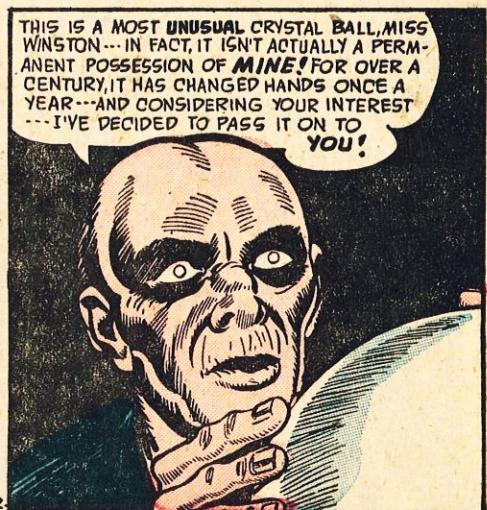
The CURSED CRYSTAL

WHAT STRANGE, SINISTER SECRET LAY WITHIN THE OLD HOUSE THAT NO ONE EVER VISITED? THE ANSWER WAS BURIED IN THE AWFUL DEPTHS OF THE CURSED CRYSTAL! GAZE INTO IT, READER, AND STEEL YOUR SHRINKING NERVES --- FOR AN ADVENTURE INTO THE GRIM SUPER-NATURAL SUCH AS YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN!

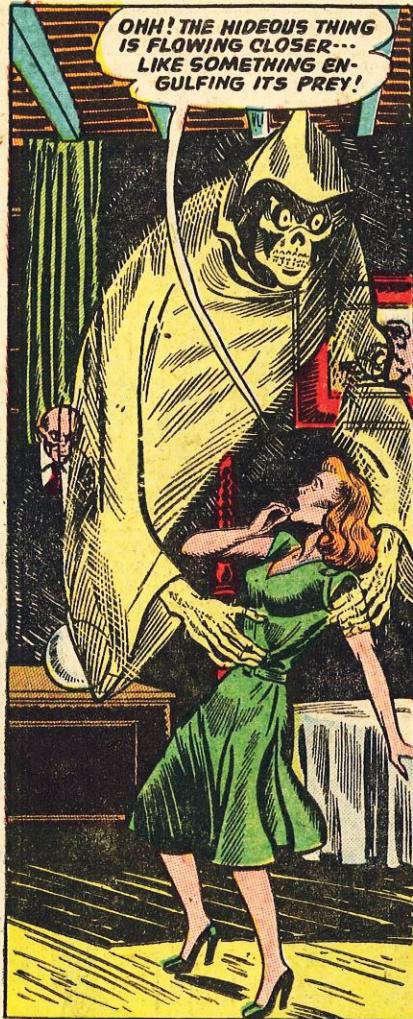


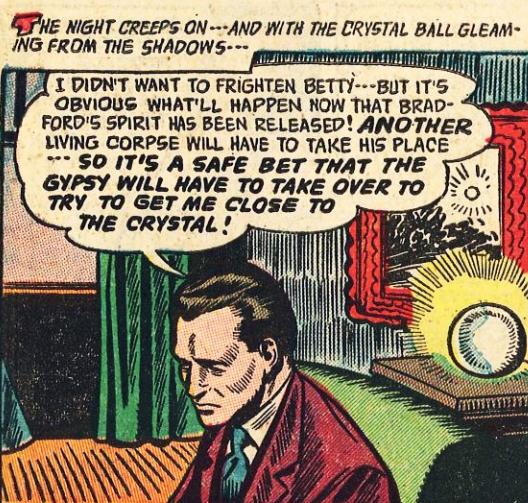
WONDER HOW COME THIS WEEK END
INVITATION OF BRADFORD'S, BETTY---
AND JUST WHY HE ASKED US TO
ARRIVE AT NIGHT? HE'S PRACTICALLY
A NEIGHBOR OF YOURS--- BUT I
UNDERSTOOD HE STAYED PRETTY
MUCH TO HIMSELF!

I USED TO MEET
BRADFORD IN
TOWN NOW AND
THEN, STEVE --- UP
TO A YEAR AGO!
SINCE THEN, HE'S
BECOME A RECLUSE
--- I DON'T THINK
ANYONE HAS
SEEN HIM!









CAREFUL, STEVE! THIS IS NO ORDINARY WOMAN, BUT A CREATURE OF UNBONDED EVIL... FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!

I AM GLAD TO FIND YOU AWAITING ME ... ALONE!

I NEEDN'T ASK WHAT YOU ARE, OR WHY YOU'RE HERE... BECAUSE THE CRYSTAL BALL IS GLOWING BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER AS YOU APPROACH IT!

IS THAT TO BE MARVELED AT--WHEN IT HARBORS MY VERY SOUL? OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, I WAS A CREATURE THAT KEPT MY FELLOW-GYPSIES IN A STATE OF TERROR--A WITCH!

WHEN I DIED, THEY PLACED THIS CRYSTAL BALL IN MY COFFIN... KNOWING IT WOULD KEEP MY EVIL SPIRIT TRAPPED FOREVER!

AND YET IT WASN'T A TRAP! YOUR PHANTOM CAN RISE FROM THE CRYSTAL WHENEVER IT SENSES PREY... AND YOUR LIVING CORPSE IS ABLE TO ROAM AT WILL!

FOR THAT I CAN THANK ONE OF OUR GYPSIES--WHO WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO LOVE ME! WHEN I DIED HE WAS CRAZED BY GRIEF... HE REFUSED TO BELIEVE I WAS A WITCH--AND OPENED MY GRAVE, HOPEFUL TO PROVE MY SPIRIT HAD NOT BEEN IMPRISONED IN THE CRYSTAL!

THE MOMENT MY GRAVE WAS UN-COVERED--MY BLACK MAGIC WAS SET FREE! MY LIVING CORPSE GAINED NEW LIFE... AND THE CRYSTAL BALL BECAME MY HAVEN--THE ONLY HIDING PLACE OF AN EVIL SOUL THAT STAINED ITSELF WITH A NEW VICTIM EVERY YEAR!

AND THE CRYSTAL'S A SAFE REFUGE, EH? CAN'T BE SHATTERED AS LONG AS THE PHANTOM LURKS WITHIN IT, RIGHT?

FOR AN INSTANT, STEVE GAZES AT THE BEWITCHING FACE THAT MASKS UNBONDED EVIL--AND SUDDENLY ... A PLAN TAKES SHAPE!

YOU'RE PRETTY TERRIFIC FOR A WITCH--AND THAT'S PROBABLY WHY YOU'VE KEPT YOUR SPIRIT AND YOUR LIVING CORPSE SEPARATE! IF THEY EVER CAME TOGETHER, THE RESULT WOULD BE SO HIDEOUS THAT I'D SCRAM OUT OF HERE... **AND YOU'D LOSE A VICTIM!**

NONSENSE--YOU COULD NEVER ESCAPE! BUT WHAT NEED HAVE I FOR HORROR--WHEN MY BEAUTY WILL MAKE YOU SURRENDER YOURSELF WILLINGLY?

YOU'D BETTER GUESS AGAIN--BECAUSE I'M A LONG WAY FROM SEEING ANYTHING SEDUCTIVE ABOUT A GHOUl!

FOOL--YOU HAVE CHOSEN BETWEEN FASCINATION AND HORROR! I WILL SUMMON MY SPIRIT FROM THE CRYSTAL BALL--AND WHEN IT CHANGES MY LIVING CORPSE INTO THE THING IT SHOULD BE AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS--YOU WILL BE TOO PARALYZED BY HORROR TO RESIST!

LET MY FIENDISH SPIRIT RISE FROM ITS HAVEN--AND MERGE WITH THIS BODY THAT DIED A CENTURY AGO!



EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

CLOSE THE DOOR against the shrieking wind, reader, and try to drown out the moaning wail of lost souls abroad in the wintry night! And now join the rest of us, gathered about the warm fire, safe from whatever dread phantoms may lurk without! Gaze, gaze into the dancing flames, with their fateful visions of things from out of the *Unknown*...of ghosts, vampires, werewolves! What better time or setting for this, our latest meeting of the Loyal Fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown"?

It's good to meet up with you all again; to know that we're with friends who share with us a fascination for the great and teeming *Supernatural*. As Editors of America's first and greatest magazine of the weird and occult, we can't help but realize our good fortune...namely, that of earning our livelihood from the thing we love best. It is our sincere hope that our devotion to our hobby has paid off in terms of benefit to you...that is, in the best, most interesting and most exciting supernatural magazine you've ever read! From the beginning, this has been our goal, and the eagerness

with which the reading public has greeted our every issue encourages us in the belief that we're heading in the right direction!

Let's take the current issue, for example. We think you'll get quite a bang out of our lead story, "Haunted Hamlet"...a strange and terror-sraught tale of a haunted theatre and a ghost that couldn't rest! Then, for an amazing and pulse-quickenning exploit into the *Unknown*, there's "The Mystery of The Marie Celeste". For eerie thrills such as you've never before experienced, "The Cursed Crystal" fills the bill. You'll go all out for "The Ghost's Revenge", a tensely-plotted yarn that packs many a shudder...and you'll find a real spine-tingler in "'True' Zombies of History"!

Please...won't you let us know what you think of this issue...and what you'd like to see in future issues? Address your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. And here's what some of our other readers are saying!

"Dear Editor:-

I think 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is far better than any other magazine of its type, and that your stories are really out of this world! I practically lived 'The Eyes of Doom'. Keep up the wonderful work!

--Hazel Wilson, Unadilla, Ga."

"Dear Editor:-

'Adventures Into The Unknown' is tops on my list...nobody could enjoy it more than I! I'll always be a fan of your fine magazine!

--Buddy Floyd, Marianna, Fla."

"Dear Editor:-

I guess I've read every comics book going...but never one so great as 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. I love stories such as 'Flight of The Dead' and 'The Thing That Lived Again'. Keep up your wonderful record!

--S. Privette, Baltimore, Md."

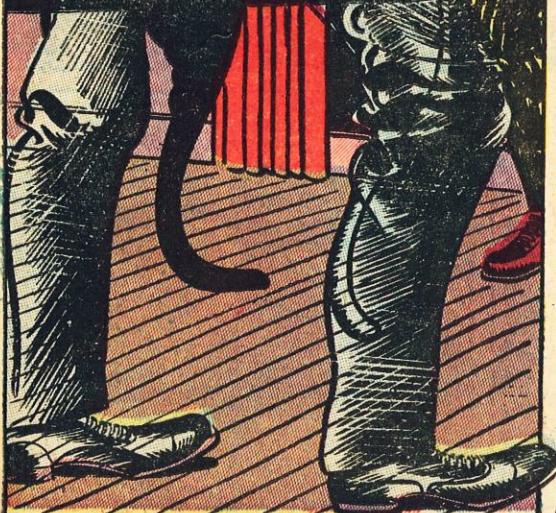
"Dear Editor:-

My friend and I have read your wonderful comic from issue number fifteen up to your latest release, and think that 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is the greatest by far! Please...how can we get back issues that we've missed?

--Patrick Tiernan, Brooklyn, N. Y."

The Ghost's Revenge!

WHEN A LIVING MORTAL AND A DEPARTED SPIRIT ENTER INTO A BARGAIN, THERE CAN BE NO BACKING OUT... BUT CURLY ADAMS THOUGHT OTHERWISE! HE HAD ALL THE ANGLES FIGURED... HE WAS A KILLER, COOL AND CALCULATING... AND HE WAS BRAZENLY CONFIDENT THAT HE COULD EASILY ESCAPE... THE GHOST'S REVENGE!



TAKING A NARROW DIRT PATH, ADAMS LED THE WAY TO THE EDGE OF A CLEARING...

THERE IT IS, GAINES... THE PERFECT HIDE-OUT! I SPOTTED THIS PLACE ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO AND FIGURED IT WOULD COME IN HANDY IN CASE OF EMERGENCY! WE'LL HOLE UP HERE TILL THINGS COOL OFF!

I... I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF IT, ADAMS! IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

MAYBE YOU'D LIKE A NICE COZY JAIL INSTEAD? REMEMBER, GAINES... WE'RE WANTED FOR ARMED ROBBERY! GUYS ON THE LAM CAN'T BE FUSSY! NOW WHAT IS IT GONNA BE? ARE YOU WITH ME, OR DO WE GO IT SEPARATE?

N...NO... I'D NEVER MAKE IT ON MY OWN! I'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY!

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN' SENSE! BESIDES, HAVE I SLIPPED UP YET? DON'T I ALWAYS HAVE AN ANGLE?

YEAH, YOU'RE SMART, ADAMS... I'LL STICK!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, INSIDE THE OLD HOUSE...

AS SOON AS I GET THIS FIRE GOING WE'LL FEEL... HEY, WHAT'S EATIN' YOU?

TH...THAT SMOKE... OVER THERE IN THE CORNER!

LOOK! SOME-THIN'S TAKIN' SHAPE!

STEP ASIDE, BUSTER ---WHATEVER IT IS, I'M GONNA BLAST IT!

WITH STUNNING SPEED, THE WIPS OF SMOKE MATERIALIZED INTO A SPECTRAL FORM! THE FLESHLESS LIPS MOVED, AND THE ROOM ECHOED TO A HOLLOW VOICE...

PUT ASIDE YOUR GUN... IT IS USELESS AGAINST ME! BESIDES, I COME NOT TO HARM YOU... BUT TO ASK A FAVOR! GRANT IT... AND YOU WILL BE WELL REWARDED!

DON'T DO IT, ADAMS! IT'S SOME KIND OF...

SHUT UP, AND LET THE CREEP TALK! I'M ALWAYS READY TO LISTEN TO A PROPOSITION ---AS LONG AS THERE'S SOMETHING IN IT FOR CURLY ADAMS!

MY NAME IS ORVILLE WILKES! SIX YEARS AGO I WAS MURDERED IN THIS HOUSE, POISONED BY MY WIFE FOR MY INSURANCE MONEY! FOR SIX LONG YEARS MY SPIRIT HAS WANDERED RESTLESSLY, WHILE SHE LIVES ON---ENJOYING HER ILL-GOTTEN GAINS! UNTIL SHE PAYS FOR HER CRIME, I CAN NEVER FIND ETERNAL PEACE!



SHE MUST'VE BEEN PLENTY SMART TO GET AWAY WITH MURDER!

YES, SHE WAS CLEVER---AND EXTREMELY PATIENT! SHE POISONED ME SO SLOWLY THAT EVEN THE DOCTORS WERE MISLED! SHE EVEN FOOKED ME, BUT AT THE VERY END I DISCOVERED HER TREACHERY!



IN MY PRESENT FORM, I CANNOT BRING MY WIFE TO JUSTICE! THAT IS WHY I NEED THE HELP OF A MORTAL! GO TO THE POLICE---TELL THEM ABOUT MY MURDER AND DEMAND THAT THE CASE BE RE-OPENED! ONCE MY WIFE IS FACED WITH THIS NEW CHARGE, SHE WILL BREAK DOWN AND CONFESS---OF THAT I AM CERTAIN!

OKAY---SUPPOSE I DO? WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?



BEHIND THIS PANEL IS \$5,000! I HID IT THERE A FEW DAYS BEFORE MY DEATH, KNOWING THAT IT WOULDN'T FALL INTO HER HANDS! THE MONEY IS YOURS---IF YOU PROMISE TO DO AS I ASKED!

IF THE DOUGH IS THERE LIKE YOU SAY, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A DEAL!





RIGHT NOW I'M KINDA ANXIOUS TO MAKE THE BORDER! I NEED A FAST CAR, AND A CHANGE OF CLOTHES! I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D DO THE SHOPPING FOR ME!

I...I UNDERSTAND! BUT I'LL DO EVEN MORE! SUPPOSE I GO WITH YOU?

I'M NOT THE NOSEY TYPE, BUT IT LOOKS AS IF BOTH OF US WOULD DO BETTER BY GETTING OUT OF THE COUNTRY! MY HUSBAND WAS AN OLD FOOL AND BORED ME STIFF! YOU'RE MORE MY TYPE!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, BABY! SURE, WE COULD HIT IT OFF SWELL!



DATE THAT SAME EVENING...

WELL, EVERYTHING'S SET, HANDSOME! THE NEW CAR WILL BE DELIVERED IN THE MORNING, ALONG WITH THE OTHER STUFF! BY TOMORROW NIGHT WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY!

NICE GOING, KARIN... YOU'RE PLAYING BALL A LOT BETTER THAN I THOUGHT!



WE'RE GONNA GO PLACES, US TWO! YOU STICK WITH ME AN'...

N--NO! LOOK!



IT---IT'S MY HUSBAND THIS SPOOK ---ORVILLE! CAN'T HARM A H---HE'LL KILL US! HE HAD ME COME AFTER YOU! ISN'T THAT RIGHT, SMOKEY?

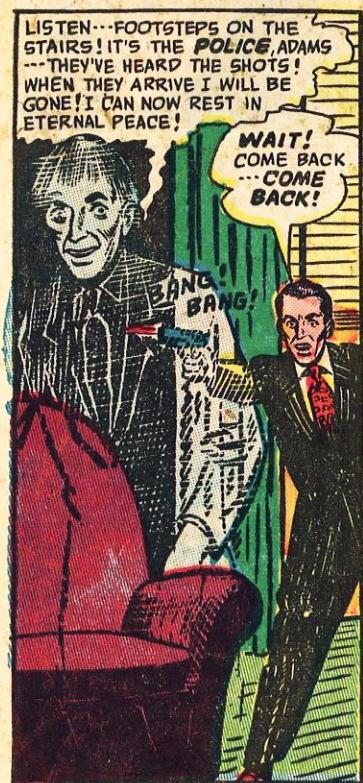
THERE IS NO NEED FOR ME TO HURT YOU---EVEN IF I COULD! IT HAS BEEN DONE FOR ME---IN A FEW MINUTES YOU WILL BE DEAD!

ME? DEAD?

YOU FORGOT ABOUT HER, YOU FOOL! SHE'S POISONED YOUR DRINK---PLANNED TO KILL YOU, JUST AS SHE MURDERED ME!

POISONED
...MY...





"TRUE" Zombies of History

OF ALL LEGENDS ABOUT ZOMBIES, NONE IS MORE FASCINATING THAN THAT OF HUGO ORMSBECK, THE DREAD ALCHEMIST WHO IS SAID TO HAVE PRACTICED THE BLACK ARTS OF WIZARDRY IN THE SMALL TOWN OF ASCHA IN THE BAVARIAN FOREST DURING THE EARLY HALF OF THE 13TH CENTURY-- IN THE DARKEST OF THE DARK AGES!



NO ONE KNEW FROM WHENCE HUGO HAD COME, OR WHERE HE HAD LEARNED HIS STRANGE SECRETS! ALL THAT THE TOWNS-PEOPLE KNEW WAS THAT HE WAS CONSTANTLY AT WORK IN THE SHOP WHICH NO ONE DARED ENTER!



Occasionally, a maiden of the village would vanish mysteriously, but no one had the courage to accuse Hugo-- until that fateful day in October, 1239--

A SCREAM-- FROM HUGO ORMSBECK'S SHOP! COME, LET US LOOK THROUGH HIS WINDOW, AND SEE WHAT THE OLD DEVIL IS UP TO!

IT... IT SOUNDED LIKE MY LILI'S VOICE-- SHE'S BEEN MISSING FOR THREE DAYS NOW!



INSIDE-- A HORRIBLE SIGHT--

LILI-- MY LILI! HE'S KILLED HER!

AT LAST-- BY THIS FINAL EXPERIMENT-- I HAVE ACHIEVED IMMORTALITY! DEATH IS NOT FOR ME-- FOR I SHALL RETURN TO LIFE AFTER I DIE!



LED BY THE REVENGE-CRAZED FATHER, THE TOWNSMEN BURST INTO THE SHOP!

KILL HIM IF HE RESISTS!

FOOLS.. I WILL NOT RESIST! KILL ME IF YOU WISH.. IT DOES NOT MATTER!



AT THE TRIAL OF HUGO ORMSBECK, WHICH ANCIENT RECORDS INDICATE WAS HELD ON NOVEMBER 2ND, 1239--

YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF THE MURDER OF LILI GROTTWOHL-- AND THE COURT HEREBY SENTENCES YOU TO BE HUNG BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD!

UNTIL DEAD!
HA-HA!
HAA-HAAA!

THE NEXT DAY, AS THE CONDEMNED MAN'S LAUGHTER FADED AWAY OVER THE TOWN SQUARE--

HE... HE LAUGHED UNTIL THE VERY END
-- WHY?

PERHAPS WE WILL FIND OUT-- TO OUR SORROW!

I WILL REST EASIER WHEN SIX FEET OF HARD-PACKED EARTH COVER THIS FIEND!

SO? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SIX FEET-- OR EVEN A THOUSAND FEET-- CAN HOLD A SORCERER WHO HAS LEARNED THE SECRETS OF LIFE AND DEATH?



THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S QUESTION PROVED PROPHETIC-- FOR 13 WEEKS LATER--

THERE'S SOMETHING BREAKING OUT OF THE TOP OF THAT GRAVE-- A MOLE, NO DOUBT!



PARALYZED WITH TERROR, THE MAN STOOD ROOTED TO THE SPOT-- TO WITNESS THE APPEARANCE OF HUGO ORMSBECK, ZOMBIE!

HE... HE HAS BECOME ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD!



HE TURNED TO RUN-- BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!

ARGHHHHH!



AN HOUR LATER, AT THE HOME OF THE JUDGE WHO HAD SENTENCED HUGO ORMSBECK TO DEATH--



AFTER WREAKING HIS REVENGE, THE ZOMBIE WENT ON A MURDEROUS RAMPAGE AGAINST THE CITIZENS OF THE TOWN -- AND IN HIS WAKE LAY DEATH!



IN THE MORNING, THE FEARFUL TOWNSPEOPLE GATHERED TO DISCUSS THE MURDERS IN HUSHED TONES--

NOW WE KNOW WHY HUGO ORMSBECK LAUGHED AT THE GALLows-- HE HAD LEARNED THE SECRET OF LIFE AFTER DEATH, AND KNEW THAT HE WOULD RETURN FROM THE GRAVE!

YES -- TO SLAY US ALL, ONE BY ONE!



BUT LOCKED DOORS COULDN'T STOP A ZOMBIE ARMED WITH THE SUPER-NATURAL POWERS OF THE LIVING DEAD!

THAT NIGHT, THE DOORS AND WINDOWS OF EVERY HOUSE WERE TIGHTLY BOLTED AND SHUTTERED-- WHILE THE INHABITANTS CROUCHED WITHIN, IN TERROR OF THE THING THAT STALKED OUTSIDE!

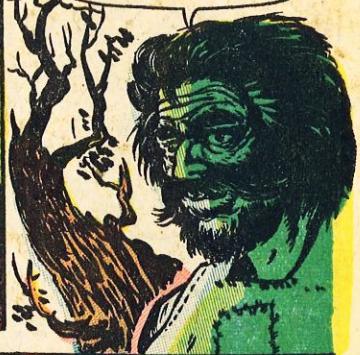


THE TOWNS-
PEOPLE DE-
CIDED TO FLEE
FROM ASCHA AND
THE TERRIBLE
DEMON THAT
STALKED AT
NIGHT! BUT
ONE MAN, BLACK-
SMITH KASPAR
BLÜCHER,
STOPPED
THEM FROM
HEADLONG
FLIGHT--

WE MUST NOT ABANDON OUR HOMES
TO THE FURY OF THE UNDEAD! WE
CAN AND MUST ANSWER HUGO
ORMSBECk WITH AN EVEN
GREATER FURY! LEGENDS
TELL US THAT THE LIVING
DEAD STALK ONLY AT NIGHT,
AND ARE POWERLESS IN
THE LIGHT OF DAY! SO
**NOW IS THE TIME TO
STRIKE! FOLLOW ME--
TO THE GRAVEYARD!**

HARTENED BY THE WORDS
OF THE FEARLESS BLACK-
SMITH, THE TOWNSPEOPLE
FOLLOWED HIM IN A GRIM
PROCESSION!

BE OF STRONG HEART--
AND LET US **DIG UP**
HIS COFFIN!





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IT'S SPINE-TINGLING
...IT'S Different!

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in SECRETS OF THE SUPERNATURAL

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DON'T MISS**

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ON
ALL
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MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN, published Monthly at Canton, Ohio, for October
1st, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 1250 Camden Ave. S. W., Canton 6, Ohio; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183rd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 1250 Camden Ave. S. W., Canton 6, Ohio; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81st Street, New York, N. Y.; Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

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(Signed) **RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.**

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1952.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)

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—R. F., South Africa



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Real He-Man

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me from a weekling
to a real he-man. My
chest has gone up 6
inches. I am a solid
mass of muscle from
head to foot. Friends
and doctors I have
met have noticed a
great change and
some have even failed
to recognize me!"

—J. W., Montana

Gains 40 Lbs.
"Worth 100 times
what I paid. You not
only made me a man
but you added at
least 20 years to my
life. I feel now as if
I had been born
again! My weight was
130 lbs. and I got my-
self to 170 through
your wonderful
course." —J. N. H.,

British West Indies

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"Am in the pink of
condition and on the
school track team.
As I was waiting in
my gym suit the other
day I heard a couple
of men say, 'Look at
that fellow. He has a
perfect build.'"

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